

The Innis Herald

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Class dismissed

A critique of people marching off to teachers college
by Michele Costa

In high school I always knew my teachers didn't really want to be there (most of them anyway). They always talked with much more enthusiasm about the other aspects of their life, the things that they did away from their job, than they ever did about whatever it was we were being taught. Most of them didn't at all seem like the ideal type for teaching; most were incredibly impatient, unsuccessful public speakers, distanced and disinterested in general. It wasn't until I reached university that I realized why. High school teaching became the university student's back-up plan.

Teaching is not a career many work towards through their university schooling; it is something settled for in 3rd or 4th year when it becomes clear to so many humanities students that their degree isn't going to take them anywhere else. Leaving high school so many of us chose a field of study that interested us, not seriously considering whether or not it was at all employable. I think many of us just felt we'd figure that out along the way. Surely we'd meet someone, or read something, or be handed an opportunity that would lead us to success for the rest of our lives, we thought. As soon as we reached our 3rd or 4th years however, and that hadn't yet happened, entirely too many of us students start considering teacher's college. It doesn't take many more years, if you have the marks it's not impossible to get in, and besides that, no one ever really checks to

see if you want to be there. Suddenly you're in front of a chalkboard with 25 bored high school students waiting for you to wake them up from their daze and give them something interesting. But will any of us be able to do that if we didn't even want to be there in the first place, if we're as bored as they are? I don't think it's fair that those are the teachers I had, and I also don't think it's fair that this is continuing for further generations.

It seems everyone feels they are suitable for teaching; they learned something, and surely they should be able to teach it. It doesn't pay great, but it's not bad, there will always be a need for teachers. Most feel they will go to teachers college, get a job, to have an income while they work towards being what they really want to be (which is of course yet to be determined). This is a horrible way of looking at teaching. So much of a reason that so many high schools and high school students are in such a mess is because THESE are their teachers! These are people who never even considered the field until the last minute, people without any real passion or desire to enrich students' lives, or help them grow. People still working towards figuring out those things for themselves, while they work the 9-5 boring job of high school teacher. Of course, there are some people that aim to become a high school teacher all through these years. Sadly, so many of them will never get the opportunity because their marks are lower than the students who did well in school, in programs that didn't lead them anywhere.

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The (Insult) Dogs Of War

He came. He joked. He got into trouble.
by Matthew Lau

After loving Conan for four days, Canada despised him on the fifth after a controversial, culturally insensitive comic sketch by puppet Triumph the Insult Dog, aimed at the French Canadians. Racist, the public called it. "Vile and vicious". It amounted to "hate-mongering", said NDP MP Alexa McDonough.

Personally, I think it was hilarious. I laughed.

Hard.
Was I being insensitive to the Quebecois? Maybe. Did I think the Insult Dog was funny? Definitely.

It's a hand-puppet, for crying out loud. Besides, since when was Triumph the Insult Dog a loving and tender commentator?

But the sketch's insensitivity and ill-advised satire aren't what caused all this turbulence. After all, comedians like Robin Williams poke fun at French and French Canadians in far more provocative ways during their routines, and I have yet to see a public uproar against them in such furious manner as this Conan spectacle managed to stir.

So why are people like MP McDonough upset? Just read any of their official statements, and you will see: They are not angry; they just want their money back.

The federal and provincial government subsidized around \$1 million towards bring-

ing Conan to Toronto, hoping that it "would help rebuild the city's tourist industry after an outbreak of severe acute respiratory syndrome last year".

I'm sorry, but Conan? Tourist industry? Did I miss something here? How is a week of Conan O'Brien supposed to attract tourists to come to Toronto?

Sure, blame Conan for ridiculing Canada. But I thought we handled that task pretty well ourselves when we brought an American talk-show host across the border in hopes of boosting tourism. I mean, what were we thinking? Are we that desperately short on ideas? We could have built a new theme park, made a nice resort, developed attraction spots; but no, we are going to broadcast Conan for a week. That's it. That's what draws visitors to a country. Conan.

Even more agonizing than our total lack of insights towards the sagging tourist industry, however, is our continuing hypocrisy of boasting national pride and identity and, at the same time, crawling back to the States for help whenever we can. We did that with the Rolling Stones concert, when the government coughed up millions of taxpayers' money to lure American musicians just so we could show ourselves what a great place Toronto still is. A little insecure, wouldn't you say? Now, barely half a year later, we are giving America more money, for a

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The Innis Herald

Innis College, Room 108

2 Sussex Avenue

Toronto, Ontario

M5S 1J5

Phone: 416.978.4748

Fax: 416.946.0168

Editors-In-Chief:

Corey Katz and Stephanie Silverman

Assistant Editors:

Stephen Hutchison and Nicole Polyvka

Treasurer:

Christina Kim

Internal Officer:

Alice Kim

External Officer:

Michele Costa

Photo Editor:

Gillian Cerbu

Copy Editors:

Andrea Siu and Anna Leung

Webmaster:

James Harrison

Layout:

Jennifer Charles

Vanessa Meadu

Qing Hua Wang

Distribution:

Maryam Yeganegi

Contributors:

Tracy Birchbaum

Jared Michael Bryer

Jennifer Charles

Michele Costa

Steffi Daft

Juan Davila

Matthew Lau

Vanessa Meadu

Josh Pineda

Bryan Purcell

Erin Rodger

Pam Martin Sidney

Clare Tattersall

Andrew Tracy

Editorial: What About My Queer Eye?

by Corey Katz

This might sound strange, but I'm out of the closet.

With that out of the way – and what better way than in print as self-affirmation and self-acceptance – I would like to express some thoughts, or, perhaps more aptly, glimmers of thoughts. These thoughts have been swirling through my head as I have dealt with the internal and external ramifications of finally deciding to accept what I have long known, and make public that which I have little expressed. I would like to give you a semi-coherent, cursory introduction to these various thoughts. There are links between these ideas, but they are still in their infancy. If this essay may seem disjointed, I chalk it up to my own confusion on this subject that is obviously so multilayered.

You might be able to tell by my last name that I am Jewish. So what does that have to do with anything? Well, I have already spent some time thinking about what that means for me, and for my place in history and the world. I am a secular Jew, and I practice no religion. Yet, I feel a definite tie with the history of the Jewish people and with its culture. When it comes down to it, I feel Jewish.

I once had a disagreement with a friend over the possibility of a secular Jewish identity. She insisted that a Jewish identity was tied to religion only, in much the same

Cinssu Report

Upcoming Free Friday Films

Screenings are in Innis College Town Hall, 2 Sussex Ave. (at St. George), at 7:00 PM.

The Third Man - March 12th

My Man Godfrey - March 19th

Welcome to the Dollhouse (Perils of Puberty Series) - March 26th

Angels with Dirty Faces (Perils of Puberty Series) - April 2nd

Elephant - April 9th

For more information, visit <http://www.utoronto.ca/fff/>

CINSSU is having a levy. Please vote for them online on ROSI to keep Free Friday Films alive.



The team at Queer Eye for the Straight Guy

way that a Christian or Muslim identity is. I attempted to explain Judaism as an ethnicity or cultural identity rooted in a history of exclusion and segregation; historically the Semitic blood has "stayed in the family." Being Jewish has a specific character stemming from its role and place as outsider in the history of Europe – among other places. Other ethnic, religious, and cultural identities had other roles and other places.

So, to return to my opening sentence, I am a homo, queer, etc. But what does this mean?

It has only been in the last thirty years that these words have lost their traditional meaning: outsider, underground, perversion, disease, mental illness. It was only in 1870 that the term homosexual (as a personage, an encompassing identity) was coined – before then I think I would merely have been a "sodomite" but only if I practiced particular acts, with this definition fluctuating over time. And this was pretty much how it was in the West for almost two thousand of years.

But now the popular gay identity is linked with fashion and materialism, for example. Everyone was rather surprised when I came out of the closet, because I just don't fit into any of various stereotypes. Even the fact that there is a popular gay identity is a staggering historical "fact". Some gays and lesbians are even pushing for the right to marry, and within modern conceptions of 'equality in the eyes of the law', they should. And yet this logic has a more complex character.

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Sustainable Renovation at Innis

by Juan Davila, ENSU Coordinator and Bryan Purcell, UTERN Board Member

Innis is planning a renovation and expansion project which will change the face of the College forever. All of the programs will benefit from the new space the building will provide.

However, a building should provide more than merely empty space. The structure and design of a building should enhance the learning experience and represent the values, beliefs, ideas, and insights of its occupants.

The sustainability working group, a coalition of students from a variety of fields, has been actively lobbying Innis College to undergo a comprehensive consultation process to incorporate the perspectives of students, faculty, and all other interested stakeholders into the design of the renovation. The college has expressed interest in undergoing such a process, but its successful conclusion will depend upon the energetic involvement of students.

We encourage the student body to participate by expressing their dreams and hopes of what Innis College should be, and where it should be headed. After all, it is our college too.

college, we feel that it would be particularly shameful if the college did not strive towards ecological sustainability in this renovation process. Whether we recognize it or not, buildings teach their own curriculum and have a tremendous impact in shaping our mental landscape. To ignore sustainability in this renovation would indicate to students and faculty that sustainability has no place in our programs. On the other hand, to incorporate sustainability would put Innis college and its programs right where they belong — at the cutting edge of university education.

By participating in the upcoming consultations on the future of Innis, you can make your voice heard. It is time that all those who call Innis College their home — both students and faculty — stand up and take the college's future into their own hands, where it belongs. So get involved, and ensure that the upcoming renovation reflects your ideas, your values, and your dreams.

For more information on the renovation plans, contact the College administration. To get involved in the campaign for a sustainable renovation, contact the sustainability working group through Juan Davila at marinero@rocketmail.com

What About My Queer Eye?

Continued from previous page...

Another friend and I were discussing one day the role that Jews and homosexuals have had in the history of European ideas. The number of important thinkers and artists who have been either Jews or homosexuals is impressive. There was something about being an outsider from the dominant culture which seemed to help precipitate creative critiques in philosophy and new forms of expression in art.

Interesting things happen when outsiders are absorbed into the dominant culture. I know Marxism is dead but capitalism is big business these days: by absorbing queer difference into the system of the majority, production is allowed to continue, and queers become useful workers and shoppers. Queerness is packaged and sold. My worry is that, in making it

consumable, it is also sterilized.

I am a philosophy student, and these are the types of things that swirl around in my head constantly, which I must kill with various distractions, the most constructive of which is my schooling.

In these swirlings and throughout my glimmers, I have neither discovered nor asserted anything normative. I am not saying that something is wrong or right. In fact, these musings are not a critique. They are more a call for pause, for us to sometimes remember to turn our eyes – straight or queer – unto ourselves.

The Innis Formal – Bang Bang Bang!

by Pam Martin Sidey

With the glitz, glamour and elegant lighting fixtures of the Royal York hotel as the backdrop, Innis students stepped out in style for the Innis College Red Carpet Gala Dinner and Dance. The requisite amount of small talk, ridiculously expensive drinks and fancy hors d'ouevres were a prelude to the real excitement that lasted until one in the morning on the evening of Friday February 6th.

There were over 200 people in attendance, including Principal Cunningham and some of the Innis College staff. Every person had their own name card at their table, which had a quote and picture on it from either a classic romance or gangster film. At each place setting there were also little boxes of Laura Secord chocolates and many, many forks – a great indication of the classiness of this event.

Dinner was generally liked, and began with appetizers of cream of asparagus soup and a vinaigrette salad. For the main course, the options were prime rib, salmon or a vegetarian dish

consisting mostly of cous cous. Dessert was a rich three-layer mousse in a dark chocolate cup, served with a berry sauce, and garnished with fresh cherries. And yes, it tasted as good as it sounds.

Door prizes were called after dinner, and there were many lucky winners. Several one-month memberships to Goodlife Fitness Centre were given away, along with a couple of cell phones, a plant donated by the Innis Residence Environmental Club and some U of T shirts.

Inside the ballroom, the dance floor was crowded and the DJ mixed for a wide range of musical tastes – everything from swing and salsa to Beyoncé and Britney. Despite a couple of repeats, the music was pretty solid.

Special thanks go to the Innis Formal Committee, Innis Res Council, Innis College Student Society and especially to this year's coordinators Liz Tottenham and Olivia Maginley, who did an absolutely fabulous job. It was a wonderful night that will be fondly remembered by many.



Photos by Pam Martin Sidey and Mike Lawrence

Celebrating 120 Years of Women

The following are campus-wide events planned in celebration of the 120th anniversary of women being admitted to UofT, and the 20th Anniversary of the Status of Women Office. For a complete listing of all events, go to: <http://status-women.utoronto.ca>

March 9th:

Outstanding Canadian Women: A panel of Canadian Women who are profiled in "Northern Lights: Outstanding Canadian Women"

These outstanding women have all made significant contributions to Canadian society and they will discuss the challenges, opportunities and barriers they have experienced in their careers and in their lives.

Location: Robert Gill Theatre, Koffler Student Centre, 214 College St.
4:00 pm - 6:00 pm

University of Toronto students only; free
Advanced registration required; email terryjohnston@utoronto.ca for more information.
Accessibility: wheelchair accessible

March 10th:

Yuk Yuk's Women's Comedy

Location: Hart House, Arbor Room
8:30 pm - 11:30 pm

Open to the public, and free to all (limited seating)
Accessibility: this event is not wheelchair accessible

March 12th:

Popular Feminism Series: Theorization of Women's Resistance in International Contexts featuring Shabrazd Mojab, Shahnaz Khan and Angela Miles

Location: OISE/UT, Room #12-199, 252 Bloor St. W.
8:00 pm

Free & Open to the public
Accessibility: wheelchair accessible

Delectable Divas II, hosted by Marta Chevez

This is the official concluding event for the 120th celebration. Join us for a fun, eclectic evening of cabaret and delectable desserts!

Location: Great Hall, Hart House, 7 Hart House Circle
8:30 p.m.

Free & Open to the public.
Please note: there will be a cash bar.
Accessibility: wheelchair accessible

March 13th:

Grrrl Fest: workshops

Location: UTSC B Wing, The Attic (follow the signs)

ENSU Congratulations

The University's Environmental Protection Advisory Committee (EPAC) announced the winners of its 2004 Environmental Protection Awards to individual, group and supplier who made outstanding contributions to achieving the principles and objectives of the University's Environmental Protection Policy. The winners, announced by Prof. Philip Byer and Prof. Ingrid Stefanovic, co-chairs of EPAC, are: Mr. Jake Irwin, an undergraduate student, for his work on environmental initiatives at Trinity College and contributions to student environmental groups; the Environmental Students Union (ENSU) for its ongoing work encouraging student participation in environmental stewardship at the University; and Enbridge Gas Distribution, Commercial Business Markets Group for its ongoing financial support for energy saving initiatives at the University.

Class dismissed

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How do we fix this? Well it has to start a hell of a lot earlier than 4th year. Personally I think, and hope, that this is mostly a problem that affected our generation, and the one before us. I have hope that students now have learned from our mistakes. The reason we made this mistake is that we are part of the lucky group that was essentially forced into university in many cases. We were all told in high school that if you had the marks for university, you went. Parents and society expected it. From what I can see now, and what I hope, students completing high school now have realized that college is not a "lesser" version of university, as I was often told in high school, but a very wise choice for those with a

often he tells me, university graduates arrive with a degree and not much else. They often have had little job training, they know of the work in theory, but need a lot of time and help to be able to successfully apply it. I think everyone is realizing this. High school teachers have stopped trying to guide all students into university; parents are learning to stop being disappointed when their child chooses Sheridan over U of T. This often comes to be because parents have an older child that graduated in massive debt, with no career path, or they experienced this themselves.

Obviously university is always going to be the choice for certain fields, which require such training and qualification, and of course

no one ever said having a degree didn't help, and most of the time it's a positive experience, but we must realize that entirely too many art, English, philosophy etc. graduates are choosing teacher's college as their last resort, when they come to terms with the fact that their program didn't lead them anywhere else. Many of them will become teachers!



You'd better want to be a teacher, bitch

specific interest, goal, or skill. College programs cost less, leaving students in far less debt, and provide training that is actually employable, rather than the theoretical textbook learning of university. I have a friend that does the hiring at a technical support organization, and he tells me all the time about the differences between the college and university graduates he hires. The college students arrive ready to go, they have hands-on experience, and don't require a lot of training. Very

and most of them will be bad ones. The good that does come with this however, is that many of them will be able to better guide their students to a successful post-secondary option.

Maybe I'm right, or maybe I just wanted to go to school at Boston Public, or maybe I'm just a bitter art student who doesn't want to be a teacher, and probably should have gone to college!

Dogs Of War

...continued from front page

little more assurance and validation. Hey, if Conan would come here, that means Toronto isn't that bad after all, right? We all know that celebrities like Mike Myers and Jim Carrey are from Canada, but aren't they just so much more prestigious when interviewed by Conan O'Brien?

Now we're bitter because instead of getting the pat on the back that we were paying for, we were mocked instead. That upsets us. All along we thought that the States wanted to help us; that they understood us; that they cared about us.

Guess what? They don't. We may as well face it now. In the end, we are left to deal with our own insecurities.

So if we ever want to present Toronto to the world again with a talk-show, perhaps we should at least consider using a Canadian host. Someone like Rick Mercer. He is funny. Besides, he's been poking fun at the States for so long now, I'm sure he wouldn't mind laying a few extra punches for us. Just as a paycheck.

See if they care.



Basta – Good Movie

OISE– Good Whining
by Erin Rodgers

A few years ago I went through a brief activist phase. It was in my first two years of University, when I was a student at Guelph. However, that phase of my life, much like my teenage years, are mercifully over and best forgotten.

Now you may be asking why I chose to share this particular nugget on my personal life in an article that was assigned as a simple film review? Well, I have chosen this method to try to create a new type of review for the Herald. A sort of Gonzo journalism if you will. Well Gonzo journalism of a type, as the Herald editors have repeatedly turned down my requests of "Hunter Thompson-esque" quantities of drugs and alcohol, claiming it not to be in the budget. (To that I say bahl)

Having not been fortified with the mind-altering – I mean writing-enhancing – substances I requested, I decided to just go to the movie and write a simple review. However, when I arrived, I discovered this would simply not be possible.

My first impressions were of disappointment. I had assumed that OISE would shell out the bucks for a cheese tray, or perhaps some crackers, and had not yet had supper. When nothing snack-like was presented I realized I had miscalculated and would be forced to make do with a granola bar dinner. As I settled down on a slightly lumpy couch in front of a classroom film-strip style movie screen with my delicious (and I might add rather eco-friendly) treat I realized what I had settled into. I was surrounded by (shudder) hippies!

Not all of the viewers were hippies, some were in fact journalists or professors from different Latin American countries who were studying in Canada, others were OISE students or professors with a leftist political slant. However, those who were hippies were the most dreaded kind, the aging hippie.

The aging hippie is most clearly identified by a few common traits. The first is the empathetic nod. The empathetic nod is used to show that you are "with" whatever disadvantaged group you are discussing at the time. The second most common feature is the obsession with telling others, especially "the youth" about what they did in the "good old days". (To avoid this, pull out a book as fast as possible: a tactic put to excellent use that evening). The third, and most common trait – other than the ability to justify having both leftist/ environmentalist feelings AND an SUV – is a penchant for whining.

While whining is not a strictly hippie phenomenon, (as anyone can tell you students are excellent at it as well) the hippie whine is truly a wonder to behold. Only hippie whiners would complain en masse about the fact that the seats are uncomfortable in a free venue. As noted above,

the couch I was sitting on was slightly lumpy. However, as the movie was BEING SHOWN FOR FREE, I figured it was no big deal. Unfortunately, I overheard at least 10 people complain to the organizer of the event about the seating. When there were no more seats, people whined about having to sit on the floor. A few particularly adept whiners attempted to force the clearly harried organizer of the event, to move it to a place with more space and more comfortable seats, claiming that "lots of their friends



Turmoil in Argentina, or at OISE?

were coming". The one more insistent woman's apparently large circle of friends did not, as far as I saw, ever arrive. This likely delayed the showing of the film by 10-15 minutes.

As for the film itself, Basta (Enough)- Building a New Argentina was an interesting look at a grass-roots social movement in Argentina who have seen the negative results of globalization in their country. Half of their country now lives below the poverty line, and more and more of the former middle class is being absorbed into this group. To make things worse, a great deal of money has been spirited out of the country by the rich, and many banks refused to allow people to take out any, claiming they needed to freeze all assets to stay in business.

The film was quite inspiring, even to a jaded former activist type like me. It was interesting to hear the stories of what happened from the different individuals as well as see how well a grass roots movement can do. Unfortunately, the film suffered from the common problem of the cheesy documentary voice-over that sounds a little too much like a trained actor version of the movie-phone guy ("For information on Social Movements in Latin America, Press 1"). However, as this is a fairly common problem (at least in my opinion) it is only a small problem and I would suggest giving this film a watch, as the problems in Argentina are not as well documented as some other news stories such as Iraq or Janet Jackson's boob.

Blondie, from Punk to the Present

by Jennifer Charles

To get myself in the mood for this review, and for that matter, reading this dauntingly thick Blondie Book (which I can assure you is far from 'pictorial') I have been listening to all the Blondie songs I know in rotation. Mind you, this is a *very* short rotation, consisting of only three songs, "Call me," "Heart of Glass," and "Rapture." You may be wondering why I, someone who obviously knows nothing about and thus cannot appreciate the legacy of Blondie chose to review this book. Truth is, I was interested. A book about an American pop icon—whose musical range of pop, punk, rap and disco is quite remarkable—that also boasts "society, culture, fashion... and much more!" quite appealed to me. In the end however, I didn't come away with much.

The book *Blondie, from Punk to the Present: A Pictorial History* compiled by Allan Metz, is 512 pages of pure Blondie fanaticism and has been called "the most comprehensive collection of Blondie material in existence" by Gary Valentine, Blondie's original bassist. This is precisely where my first criticism lies. Comprehensive is an optimistic way of saying *way* too much information. A sincere interest in learning more about the blonde bombshell Deborah Harry and her talented band members proved inadequate for enjoying this extensive work. Perhaps my ignorance prior to this review taints my perspective, but after reading the book, it now seems reasonable to assume that it is not meant for your average Blondie sing-along-to-the-hits fan; this book is meant for the diehard.

Comprised of articles, reviews, interviews, profiles and approximately one-fifth photography, the book was clearly a 'labour of love' by Metz, who has collected everything Blondie-related since the early days of the band. Yet despite the obvious care and interest with which it was compiled, it fails to deliver the material entertainingly. Grouped into orderly sections, the fact that each article/chapter is written by a different author renders the book disjointed and erratic. No doubt a reader knowledgeable in the Blondie basics will revel in the attention to detail of the many personal accounts about the band, but anyone looking for a leisurely read will be disappointed. Others may happily delve into the reflective praise and critique of the music and its progression, while those who only recognize the greatest hits are lost. As well, a large percentage of the material is redundant, for example, small-talk interviews with no real substance. In general, the effective and entertaining elements of the book are lost in often unnecessary banter. And although many of the photos are apparently "rare and never before seen," the quality is often poor.

Altogether my favourite part of the book, (this is me being cynical) is a poem by Scott Coblio entitled "My Favourite Blonde," a section of which goes like this:

"Blondie, I love you, oh-oh
Blondie I really do
I can tell what it's all about
I know you're all stressed out
But then you look at me, ah-oh
On black and white TV, ah-oh
I turn the lights out
So it's just you and me, ah-oh
And you can sing to me"

Sweet, isn't it.



Debbie Harry, present

On a brighter note, the Timeline on page 419 is a good basic overview and the discography is also clear, concise, and more appealing than the lengthy articles. The article on page 429, "Physiological Analysis of Clem Burke during Blondie's 1999 *No Exit* World Tour" is amusingly odd, including his heart rate during every song (nicely charted I might add), and an analysis of the most stressful songs for him to play according to his heart rate. The overall message is that "[Clem Burke the] drummer is in good physical condition."

Blondie, from Punk to the Present: A Pictorial History is a well-researched, thorough volume for any Blondie fan dying to know all the details. I highly recommend it for those of you who live and breathe Blondie, namely people who listen to Blondie in the car, in the shower, for inspiration, and when you go to sleep at night—in brief, practically nobody.

For more information or to purchase this book, visit the web-site: www.blondiebook.com

Eating the Bones and Dishing the Dirt

by Andrew Tracy

Canadian though I am, nothing gets my latent xenophobia stirring quicker than the cinematic offerings of my native land. Knee-jerk prejudice though it is, my blanket distaste does have a great deal to do with the reality of Canadian filmmaking. I can't think of another film-producing country which has such a cultural vacuum at its core, a vacuum all the more inexplicable considering the quality of talent and the rich artistic life we have here. I'm sure there's a windy pseudo-sociological explanation for this situation, but when it comes to making films, there's a far more pertinent cause: an industry and a distribution system with the venuesome courage and general demeanor of a miser who stores his painfully acquired life savings under his mattress.

This is a reality which Sude Sutherland knows all too well, though he expresses it far more politely. The Toronto-based writer-director is on the modest Canadian warpath drumming up attention for his new film *Love, Sex & Eating the Bones*, an audience favourite at last year's Festival and winner of the Best First Feature award. The story of security guard/aspiring photographer Michael (Hill Harper) and public relations exec Jasmine (Marlyne N. Afflack), "a couple trying to make their real love work in a world obsessed with fakery" ("That's the sell," quips Sutherland), the film is a slickly-made, amusing, and sometimes scurrilously realistic romantic comedy which introduces a rather novel twist to the clichéd genre: namely, Michael's porn addiction and the — shall we say dispiriting — effects it has upon his lovemaking with Jasmine. "This is probably the only film you'll ever see about a black man with a sexual dysfunction," says Sutherland with pride.

As part of the film's promotional campaign, Sutherland and his producer-cowriter-wife Jennifer Holness are holding a series of informal presentations in university film departments, detailing their experience as independent filmmakers in the penurious system of Canadian financing and distribution. At U of T's Innis Hall last Thursday, Holness guided the audience through the byzantine paths of development grants, piecemeal funding, and interagency pressure which enabled — and sometimes hindered — the making of their \$2.5 million movie (an astronomical budget for a Canadian first feature). The production history of *Eating the Bones* intersects with many of the recurring strains and recent upheavals in the Canadian film system: the jealous provincialism of industry insiders, the timidity of distributors, and the collapse of Alliance Atlantis' production wing after the flop of their \$10 million heist thriller *Footproof*, which might have had something to do with the company's self-important stinginess when approached by Sutherland and Holness for distribution financing (they ended up taking their project to THINKFilm, an independent distribution company which recently had a hit with the documentary *Spellbound*).

Their genial contempt for Alliance aside, Sutherland and Holness clearly share the same dreams of box office success. They pride themselves on having made a "hip, urban, sexy, cool" movie and happily read out quotes from NOW and Eye Weekly (composed mainly of variations on those talking points). But Sutherland emphasizes his efforts to make his romantic comedy realistic, to distinguish it from the rote Hollywood model by an

honesty of detail, emotion, and character.

"You know, romantic comedies... I like them, but I hate them when they suck," he says in a phone interview. "Back in the '30s and '40s, they were fantastic... they had so much to do with issues, so much to do with class. They were about things."

Sutherland derived his film's content from his own life. "After I dropped out of the York film program, I took a job as a security guard to pay off my loans. In a workplace like that, you're surrounded with porn every day. We had Playboys and Husbands in the control room, Sunshine girls on the walls, there was one old guy there with a huge video collection, and I thought to myself, 'I should really write about this.'" This insight constitutes the strongest element of *Eating the Bones*, rising above the weak and straggling subplots which occasionally intrude. Rather than treating Michael's porn obsession as a plot device or a crass joke (though it's certainly funny), Sutherland affectingly shows how our culture's gorging on image and unreality alters our relationship to real life. The scene where Michael convinces Jasmine to let his porn movies play while they

have sex feels painful and true, helped immeasurably by the beautiful Afflack, who has a poise and dignity which gives such moments a real emotional weight.

Sutherland's dedication to emotional truth in the movie's key relationship extends to his fidelity to real-world detail: the telltale signs of class distinction, the dirty sprawl of Michael's apartment, flashes of Canadian money onscreen (a source of major distress for distribution types, apparently), the peculiarly empty feeling of T.O. streets. "I think movies have more value when they're as specific as possible," says Sutherland. "The little details are important. They give your film a grounding in reality, something the audience can recognize on the screen. There's some things in our movie where, if you're from Scarborough, you'll get them immediately... not that you won't get them if you're not from Scarborough," he hastens to add.

Yet while all these details are certainly in the movie, they're not exactly *of* the movie. Despite its virtues, too often the film seems to be playing it by the numbers, storywise and stylistically. Like so many other Canadian movies, *Eating the Bones* lacks the imaginative core which could artistically transform experience, observation and insight, which could move these elements to the heart of the story rather than the fringes. This is the vacuum of which I spoke earlier, and listening to Sutherland and Holness describe their struggles, I suspect that the long, hard road which filmmakers have to tread just to secure financing and a reasonably wide release is a root cause.

Unlike Quebec, the film industry of English Canada lacks the cultural base and the artistic daring which could give us truly distinctive films, the confidence to encourage Sutherland and Holness in exploring their numerous themes rather than haggling over shots of Canadian money or needlessly tacking on *Love* and *Sex* to the film's title. Nevertheless, Sutherland and Holness' healthy aggression in promoting their film and their refusal to either "go Hollywood" or return to the Canadian industry fold is an encouraging sign in a dismal movie landscape. If *Love, Sex & Eating the Bones* does as well as they hope, it could help prove to the fainthearts in the industry that homegrown films can be commercially viable without sacrificing their specificity of place. We can get to work on the vacuum later.

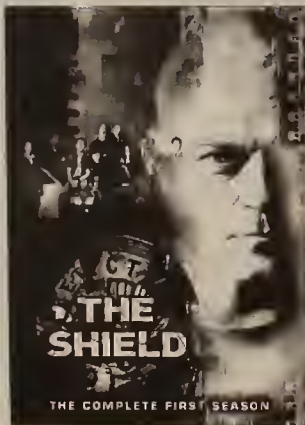


Is that a bare-naked lady?

Review of The Shield: Season 2

by Josh Pineda

FX's critically acclaimed cop drama *The Shield* doesn't get as much publicity as the higher profile HBO shows like *The Sopranos*, *Sex in the City*, and *Six Feet Under*, which is really a damn shame. For those who missed last year's inaugural season of *The Shield*, the show follows the life of Detective Vic Mackey (played by *The Commish*'s Michael Chiklis), the leader of an anti-gang strike force in Fannington; one of the lower concentric circles in the urban hell that is modern day Los Angeles. Season one centred on Vic butting heads with David Aceveda, a Latino police captain with political ambitions. Although it sounds cheesy, the show adds complexity to an otherwise standard cop drama by showing the compromises made by the police officers of the Barn (Mackey's precinct), who continually walk the fine line between justice and the law. Vic and the strike team are dirty-as-sin, but none of the other cops in the Barn are entirely clean either. Every decision made by characters in the show is ethically murky, as values like loyalty, the law, and justice always seem to be in conflict. Neither wholly condemning nor sanctioning the actions of any of its characters, *The Shield*'s emotional and intellectual punch comes by forcing the



viewer to ask himself how much sympathy Vic and the guys on his team deserve.

The Shield: Season Two begins by picking up the narrative threads left loose by last season's cliffhanger finale. Vic's searching for his family and a new street nemesis (a Mexican drug lord named Armadillo Quintero) moves in to replace the narrative tension lost after the formation of the uneasy alliance between Vic and Aceveda. The real juicy stuff comes up when the show explores the strangely paternal/fraternal dynamic between Vic and the Strike Team, as well as the mixed motivations behind Captain Aceveda's constant moral flip-flops. This set of thirteen episodes features standout performances from Michael Chiklis, Walton Goggins (as Vic's partner, Shane Vendrell), Jay Karnes (the obligatory nerd cop, Dutch Wagenbach), and Michael Jace (as patrolman Julian Lowe), as well as the cast of minor characters that populate the increasingly surreal Los Angeles landscape. The DVD's extra features include commentary from the actors and the show's creator Shawn Ryan as well as 37 deleted scenes that are for the most part pretty interesting. At times violent, funny, powerful, and moving, *The Shield* always portrays its characters with a truly human heart. Don't overlook this show; *The Shield* is the perfect paean to the lost art of North American machismo.

Hollywood North in Jeopardy

by Clare Tattersall

As you drive through the streets of Toronto, it is almost impossible not to drive by a cluster of red pylons marked FILM. On any given day between 18 and 40 productions are shooting in Toronto. The film industry is one of the city's largest employers providing 28,000 jobs annually. Toronto's film industry has exploded in the last ten years. Since 1992 the number of major productions shot in Toronto has increased by 10% per year. Of the \$886 million dollars worth of film productions shot in Toronto in 2002, the majority were pumped into our economy by our friends south of the border. For years American studios and producers have been crossing the border in droves, setting up their productions in Canadian cities. Now, after infiltrating our cities with their lavish productions, the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) and the Directors Guild of America (DGA) want to pull back the reins; they want the American film industry to remain firmly grounded in the U.S.

Producing films in Toronto has been a profitable investment for American studios. In the face of rising production costs and a strong U.S. dollar, American producers moved their productions north of the border in the early nineties. A lucrative exchange rate, generous tax rebates and subsidies translated into big savings for U.S. companies. American producers were reimbursed for any out-of-pocket expenses incurred and revenues lost as a direct result of filming. In other words, they could write off expenses such as staff overtime, security and parking. The Canadian content regulation has also put money back into American pockets. If a producer hires a Canadian for a position specified by the federal government, he will be given a certain number of points. These points are then converted into a cash rebate. Depending on the number of points, the government will compensate the producer for up to 20% of their labour costs.

In the past five years there has been mounting pressure on the U.S. federal government to curb "runaway productions." Runaway productions are feature films, television movies and television series filmed outside of the U.S. for economic reasons. SAG and DGA claim the savings gained by shooting films in Canada translates into a loss for the American economy. The

U.S. loses approximately \$8.5 billion dollars and 60,000 full-time jobs per year to runaway productions. The workers who have bore the brunt of runaway productions are the men and women who work in "below-the-line" production positions (caterers, carpenters, electricians, and makeup artists). After years of lobbying the government, SAG and



DGA's wishes were finally granted when bill S.1613 was introduced in the Senate in September 2003. If ratified, bill S.1613 will encourage producers to film their productions in cities across America. The government will provide tax credits to all productions whose labour costs fall anywhere between \$200,000 and \$10 million dollars. Once the Senate took a stance on runaway productions, the House of Representatives quickly followed suit with a complimentary bill. Bill HR.2896 states that in order to receive compensation, 50% of the film's expenses must be related to production costs incurred in the U.S.

SARS, the West Nile virus and the Norwalk virus devastated Toronto's film industry. The waning U.S. dollar, which has caused the Canadian dollar to jump almost fifteen cents in the last year, has convinced some American companies to produce their films on American soil. With Arnold Schwarzenegger, the Governor of California, rallying to SAG and DGA's side, Congress will in all likelihood ratify bills S.1613 and HR.2896 sooner rather than later. The U.S. will offer American producers far greater tax incentives than Canada could have ever imagined. What does our future hold? I guess we'll just have to wait and see. If the U.S. has anything to say about it, then the future of the Canadian film industry looks grim indeed.

Come Hither Sweet Ophelia

Josh Pineda

Say "yes" to me beloved,
& come spend the night
we, in these unbeloved hours,
will find our own salvation;
sweetly redeeming all our sins
in that word made flesh

The State of Contemporary Literature: Afterglow

Josh Pineda

I can't make her laugh anymore
As we lie over streets
Of pavement and concrete, slickened
Submerged under gasoline rainbows
Veiled beneath a night of neon lights
Removed from the twilight hours preceded
The first kiss on her collarbone
Calliope
Sexy wood nymph
We first lay together on Mt. Helicon
In those halcyon days
First came together
Falling amidst bulrushes and ivy
& the scent of burning parchment
Kisses softly shared
as she whispered all I could say to me
and I whispered her secret name to her
Calliope

Now we speak only of tangential nothings
"how are you's? & how was your days?"
sharing irrelevant kisses;
a love life of inconsequence and candy flavoured condoms
that precedes the mourning air

A Heart of Gold

by Tracy Birchbaum

I thought that I knew where I was
I knew just where to go
But the town caved in
I'm full of sin
And the streets are full of snow
The bounty hunters chase me
Down the magic fairy sky
And mountain lust
Will turn to dust
And I will turn to cry
The floating hope of numbers
Pile up in the solid waste
And mauling boats
With trying moats
Make me want to eat paste
I try to work the landmines
But the world is so exploded
The guns fire out
While Jesus shouts
You're fucking gun was loaded!
I think I may be out here
For reasons so impure
But I said please
Eat this disease
To which I smell no cure.
Free me from life in everything
Free me from your eyes
In dying hours
I take no showers
As my mother slowly dies.

Innis Herald Arts & Entertainment

In honour of Mayor David Miller's recent visit to Town Hall, we present a short tribute to the man who is truly the toast of the town. He swept in from relative obscurity and showed us that Yes, the TTC matters, and Yes, public schooling matters, and Yes, by golly, we matter, too! His unabashed enthusiasm for Toronto and its citizens won us over in a vote dominated by corporate managers and paper pushers. While it is true that almost anyone would look comparatively good when placed in response to Mayor Mel, we still think that David is more than good; he's great. Therefore, since every other newspaper on campus ran a story on Mayor Miller's visit but we still want a piece of that action (Hey! It was *our* College that initiated the city-improvement program that he came to discuss at *our* Town Hall), we present the following guide on

How to Become... The King of Toronto

Floppy haircut tousled from running through the wind to make your many appointments

Self-confident smile that belies trust, hope, and a good dentist.

Rolled-up sleeves mean business...and a willingness to get your hands and/or forearms dirty.

No suspenders needed: He'll hitch up his own pants.

Mmm corduroy goodness.

A tattered briefcase full of Large Plans for the City.

Patent leather loafers, potentially with tassels, and with a front section made thin from so many people rubbing it for good luck. Move aside, Timothy Eaton, there's a new King in town!

Bright, hopeful eyes able to see visions for the future that are bright and economically sound.

Wide ears, large enough to hear the complaints of every last citizen.

Buttons pinned to lapel to show support for various local causes, preferably unionized.

A wedding ring is necessary. A wife is optional.

Support from the local independent media. Get it? Support? He's leaning against it! Ha ha.



Between the Realm of Good and Suck: A night with The Sounds and their fans

A review of The Sounds at The Horseshoe Tavern, 19 February, 2004

by Stephanie Silverman

The Sounds is fraught with dichotomy. They project a devil-may-care attitude but look like delicate little pixies in cheap leather. Their singer, Maja Ivarsson, struts the stage like a tiger on Ritalin but she does it with all of the cunning of an experienced stage performer. Her all-male back-up band seems overwhelmed by their furiously feminine frontwoman and so meander around all sweaty and confused once they put down their instruments. The crowd at this show was an almost fifty-fifty split between grown-up punky-hardcore kids, and jocks. Lots of big, ugly, smelly, V-neck sweater-sporting, non-dancing jocks. Oh, and The Sounds is from Sweden, singing in English, and trying to make it in the U.S.A.

At their recent gig at the small-ish Horseshoe Tavern, The Sounds sold out all the tickets and had some devotees lining up for hours trying to get in. I was lucky enough to get one of the very few remaining tickets at the door but unlucky enough to be forced into sitting through the openers, Kill Hannah. These guys followed a stellar rock set by an up-and-coming L.A. band called I Am A Robot and their music seemed vaguely familiar at the outset. I kinda sorta recalled maybe once hearing of them at a party and was curious to see how they'd progressed since then. It turns out they've matured exactly nowhere. Someone put it quite well when he remarked that their easy-listening pop would make good soundtrack music. Throughout the set, the lead singer

berated the crowd for not having heard of them ("How many of you are here for us? What, only three? Fine, this song is for our three Canadian fans.") and then made fun of

us for being Canadian ("I'll bet you like beer and hockey, right?") and sadly there was some responsive roaring about the quality of Canadian women — I blame the jocks. Apparently, the back-story for this band is that they signed with a major label for whom they recorded a full-length, but that label is simply sitting on the record instead of releasing it. This sad history, plus their stagnant position as openers, seems to have morphed them into bitter, bitter men.

When Kill Hannah finally stopped the car crash of their set, it was time for The Sounds. Obviously, all of the hype around this band combined with their upcoming engagement to open for The Strokes is likely to go Ivarsson's head, but, please, this much? She kept inviting the crowd to "learn from Mama" and to listen to the "best-looking Swedish teacher" we'd ever have. I don't blame her for flashing lots of legs and bits of boob, however, because I am sure that's what the jocks were there for; in fact, it's nice to have an unapologetically strong and sexy woman who actually rocks and can tempt the entire spectrum of hetero-boy. Her voice was rather husky but it jived well with the synthesizer and guitar riffs that are the cornerstones of this band's sound. There was lots of prancing onstage but unfortunately very little dancing off. In fact, one very large asshole who was just standing there taking up space wouldn't



let me get by to get to my fellow dancers. I politely tried to get around this jerk but he kept shifting his bodyweight to block me. Finally, I had to tap his friend on the shoulder who told him to stop it and let me by. All of this just made his expression of shock at the fact that his burly self didn't intimidate me after I gave him the finger more liberating. Question: If you're super-tall and not into grooving with the rest of the average-sized crowd, why don't you move it to the back? Putz.

The last shocker of the night was to come back to our coats and find their pockets emptied of their contents. We had left them in the back of the room with a whole group of trustworthy kids when we went up to dance, and, upon our return, found these same kids in a tizzy because they were missing stuff from their pockets too. I can't help but ponder the idiocy and pettiness of robbing fellow concert-goers of, in my case, lipstick, earbuds, TTC tokens, and change: I hope these faceless indie-rock Al Capones get diseases from all of the Chapstick they stole. It's almost funny to imagine them stealing someone's keys — as happened to someone else at the show — and then realizing that they don't know where their victim even lives! I am just thankful that I kept my ticket to the Gossip in my pants' pocket.

What's lower than a failing mark? *The Perfect Score*

A film review by Steffi Daft

This movie is frustratingly bad. In fact, it is sooo bad that you feel as though you were not only robbed of your time, money, and energy by going to see *The Perfect Score* but you may have also dropped by a few of their beloved IQ points. Why such hate? Let's break the anger into neatly compartmentalized sections aimed at the characters in this piece of crap.

Apparently to create a character means to designate exactly one defining personality trait per person. In this motley crew of high schoolers, who should have been friends had they been able to look past their differences earlier in their secondary educations, we have the following: The ringleader is a slice of white bread named Kyle (Chris Evans – also in the other smash teen comedy, *Not Another Teen Movie*) who only wants to be an architect and the best school to attend is, of course, Columbia University.¹ He gets his best buddy, Matty (Bryan Greenberg) to help him steal the SAT because it's unfair to submit kids to such a standardized test. Matty's sole motivation is that he's "good at being Sandy's boyfriend" but Sandy's at the University of Maryland and they ain't letting him in with his poor score. Oh, and the distribution center for the SAT just happens to be around the corner and it's housed in a building owned by the father of the web-geek, Francesca (mmm Ghost World). Ta-dah, they convince her to join in their scheme and they're off! But first they embroil the "class brain"² (Erika Christensen), the genius-pothead-with-a-dead-mom-and-who-knows-where-his-dad-went (Leonard Nam), and the varsity basketball-player (Darius Miles) who only needs to do a good SAT to make all of his dreams come true. But it gets funnier when you get the juxtaposition of the world-class Miss Scarlett acting in

scenes with the tall but thoroughly untalented, Darius – why would they bother to hire a professional baller when there is really only one scene that actually involves basket-

ball? Maybe the producers thought that the oh-so-famous Miles would bring the crowds running; however, the nearly empty theatre where I saw this disaster certainly speaks to the fallacy of that assumption. But I guess that's what you get from the producers of *Radio* and *Summer Catch*.

Overall, this is a movie based in its characters but its characters suck. *The Perfect Score*'s trying to speak to us in a *Breakfast Club*-way (in fact, the kids mention this classic in relation to themselves explicitly) but it winds up flatterer like another one of these geniuses' projects,

Varsity Blues. The only redeeming light of this movie is the appearance of the SLC Punk, Matthew Lillard, whose potential as Kyle's deadbeat brother gets extinguished with an atrocious heart-to-heart with his wayward younger sib about Mom, Dad, and hopes for him on Christmas Eve. Yuck, how many clichés can possibly be fit into one scene?³ Overall, you're better off renting any of the movies that this one aspires to become but just cannot reach. In fact, you're better off doing anything but



Speaking of movies...

Our buddies at ENSU are presenting **The Corporation** for **FREE** at Innis Town Hall on March 10th at 7.30pm as part of

UofT ENVIRONMENTAL WEEK
March 8 - 12, 2004

Other ENSU events include a session on composting (Mon: 2.30 - 4.30pm) and an activist fair (Fri: 11am - 4pm) both at the Bahen Centre.

HAPPY EARTH!

seeing this travesty.

Notes:

¹ Dude, how good would it be if they started mentioning UoT in movies? Man, we'd get like all sorts of free press and then maybe the school's reputation would actually reach the level of its administrator's opinions about it!

² It's funny but you can always tell when an adult is trying to write scripts in a "teen voice" because outdated expressions like "class brain" come out of the mouths of the kids. On that note, the ridiculousness of Dawson's Creek's fifteen-year-olds speaking more eloquently than my professors suddenly hit me during one of TBS's Dawson's marathons... why didn't I notice that before?

³ I counted five.

Swingeur Comme une Triplette de Belleville

Moving Away from the Pulsebeat indulges in the mind-altering animation of *Les Triplettes de Belleville*

by Vanessa Meadu

The trailer left me feeling excited yet uneasy. Swinging scratchy records and delirious animation hooked me and left me curious and perplexed until the day I learned the film had been released. And so I went, and was drawn into the twisted and hilarious underworld of Belleville.

The story is insignificant compared to the delightful

characters, the hybrid of 1960s and anime style animation, and the infectious score that brings the film to life. As an overall concept, the movie is ridiculously good, much more than the sum of its parts. Led by a squad of batty and brawny old ladies, the viewer is swept through rapid industrialization, the Tour de France, a trip to the morbidly obese and gluttonous city of Belleville to encounter the sticky mafiosos pulling all the strings. Excuse-me? You'll understand when you see it.



What struck me the most about *Triplettes* was the music, by Ben Charest. You may have heard the theme song, *Belleville Rendez-Vous*, and if so, you're not liable to forget it

anytime soon. The characters find music in the most uncanny places, making instruments out of the most mundane fridges and bicycle spokes. The music is a cocktail of Frenchy-jazzy-swing riffing on classical themes, african rhythms and vaudeville. The triplets of the film are a trio of singing sisters whose careers are nearly over, despite their tenacious joie-de-vivre. Each character is over the top and ingenious, down to the very last snaggletooth and pumped up calf muscle. There's an underlying element of grotesque, evidenced in the frog-infested marshes and the general look of all the characters, especially the enormous dwellers of the capital city and the horse-like cyclists.

I found myself in a state of complete childlike awe as the film played. All this madness is the result of one man's mind, Sylvain Chomet. The production has an undeniably

French look and feel – it's a joint France, Belgium and Québec production. Interestingly, all of these nations have film industries that are heavily subsidized by the government. Nothing like this could ever have come out of Hollywood or Disney. With the right amount of marketing, however, this

All Alone With Other People

by Tracy Birchbaum

Neon lights in the bar make me sad
I feel alone, all by myself
Nobody will dance with me
Will You?

Can anyone hear me sing along
Rap music is terrible
Flashing lights are too much
Can I go home with you?

Buy me a drink
Screwdriver will do
Anything else will make me feel alone
Find me a guy who's lonely like me

Take me away
Take me away
Take me away
I want to have you tonight
Or I'll be alone

film could very well have wide appeal. The film's appeal trickled through your senses, most particularly, your sense of humour.

Visit *Les Triplettes de Belleville* official site <http://www.les triplettes de belleville.com/> for some neat stuff.

Vanessa Meadu thinks people ought to dance more and smoke less. Send questions, comments and carnage to innis_pulsebeat@yahoo.com.

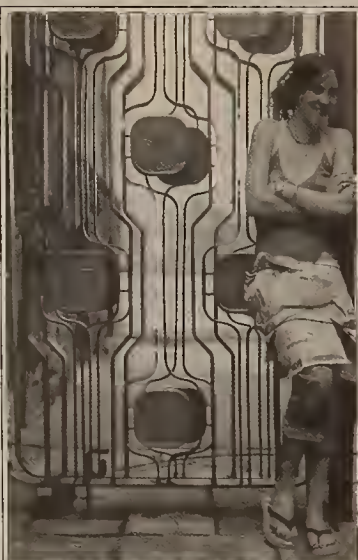
Innis Herald Arts & Entertainment

Due to another poor showing at Innis and a better background at U.C., we went once more to our neighbours south on St. George for this edition of Anti-Uniform Behaviour. Shape up Innis – and please let us photograph you... it's good times! Really!

Names: Ronald Ng and Shiv Setlur
Programs and Years: Literary Studies and German, 5th year and History, 5th year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Yellow" and "Blue... uh, I mean brown"
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "hidden, covert watch" and "wallet chain"
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Burberry" and "LCBO"



Name: Jason "Keif the Chief" Keefer
Program and Year: English and Philosophy, 3rd year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Black and white/2-D"
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My scarf: I like the colour and it goes well with my hair. But I also like the naval, fireproof jacket."
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Zellers... with an unlimited budget!"



Name: Kaya de Barbar
Program and Year: Cognitive Science, 3rd year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "Opposite hardcore"
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My belt".
Recommended/Favourite Store: "People should try to make clothes."

Names: Brendan Donald and Matt Drainin
Programs and Years: Philosophy and Art, 3rd year
One or more words to describe your personal style: "drab and thrifty" and "threadbare"
Favourite item(s) of clothing you have with you: "My shoes because they're comfy due to their gum soles" and "The rip in my crotch because I earned it... by riding my bicycle!"
Recommended/Favourite Store: "Goodwill" and "Dad"



Listen to me!

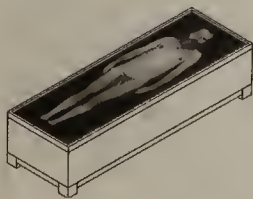
by Michele Costa

Often I hear/see/read/taste something so wonderful that I want to tell everyone I know about it. So I decided to compile them all here, some random things I have stumbled upon recently that I think you should all take a moment to check out. And I encourage you to do the same. If you have a list of things you think others should know about, send it in, it's all about sharing the love people.

Culture Club

A.A. Bronson

A.A. Bronson has a show currently on at the Power Plant with Judy Radul until March 7th, which you should run to see if you haven't already. Bronson is a very important contributor to Canadian art, one of the members of the group General Idea which ended in 1995 when the others members of the group died, and this Power Plant show is his solo work, completed since that end. Much of the work is informed by this connection, exploring themes of death - perception, awareness, and discussion, as well as strong themes of healing, mass media, and relationships. I cannot possibly explain here what is interesting about the exhibit; you just have to see it. Aesthetically it is incredibly enjoyable, a multi-sensory experience unlike almost anything you see in a gallery. Bubbles fall on you from the ceiling, the room smells wonderful and inverted mirrors throw your perception of the space off into all areas of the room and its contents. www.aabronson.com



Music

Awry

I saw the singer, Shara Worden, from this band at a recent Jeff Buckley tribute show. She definitely blew everyone away and I'm sure almost everyone there went home, checked out the website for her band and told all their friends. She was that impressive. The only way I can describe her was to say she was a Bjork-esque pixie-elf with this insane voice that she must have summoned from somewhere outside her little body. The band is from New York and seems to be quite successful already. Their website is located at <http://www.awrysense.com>. (Even if you don't end up liking the band, the website is purdy)

The Stills

Now normally I tend to hate all bands that start with 'the' (yeah I'm closed minded that way). But this is a huge exception. The Stills are a 4-piece band from Montreal, you've probably heard the song "Still in love song" from their album *Logic Will Break Your Heart*, on the radio, and trust me its worth it to listen to the rest of the album. You can hear the whole thing

here: <http://www.thestills.net>. I read a review that described their music as "Fused with paranoia and desolation, but tinged with humour and hope, *Logic Will Break Your Heart* is billed as 'a record of sweeping romanticism struggling against a homogenized world'". (PS They're not a lame emo band) Its dark music, but the music tends to be almost upbeat, a touch of bric-rock, a few attractive band members and I say they're a success.



Foodstuffs

Harbord Bakery's

Egg Salad with Rye Bread (extra kimmel seeds)

This is the king of all sandwich combinations. I don't know what they put in that egg salad but it's incredible, and the perfect match for Toronto's greatest bread - Harbord Bakery's rye, with or without seeds. I prefer extra seeds. Try it, I promise you'll be stopping there twice a week after class like I do. (Also try the almond croissants- amazing)

Blood Oranges and Ya Pears

These are the best fruits in the world in my opinion. Ya Pears come in many types; sometimes they're called Asian pears, sometimes Japanese pears, once I found them called 'Millennium Pears' at Dominion. The only way I can describe them is to say they taste like juicy juicy Styrofoam. I know that may not sound like something you want to eat, but trust me; they're delicious, super crunchy and sweet. And they come in little woven plastic dresses at the grocery store!

When I was in Italy I discovered the magic of the blood orange. Blood orange is Italy's equivalent to north Americas



'red' flavour, everything there is blood orange flavoured; candy, slushies, soda etc. Besides it just being fun to eat something with the word blood in it, these are delicious, sweeter than regular oranges, and make excellent juice. They make great margaritas as well. Like the Ya pears they also come in cute outfits, usually thin black paper with pretty Italian patterns and pictures.

Bellinis

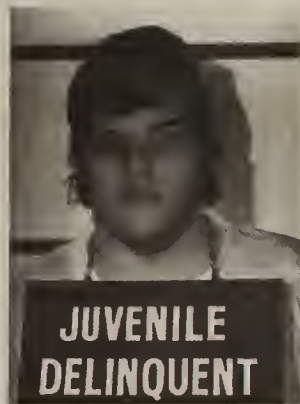
I have never had a better drink. Everyone who I have made try this drink agrees that they too have never had a better

drink. This drink is best found at Milestones. They have a machine that chums it out, and each comes with a small plastic animal perched on top the frozen combination of goodness. You can make your own by combining Champagne, Lamb's white rum, peach schnapps and a tiny bit of sangria, but its very worth it to head over to the terrifying club district and fight your way in through the boys in open buttoned shirts and girls in... well...nothing, to get one of these at Milestones.

Technology (ways to waste time on the internet when you should be studying)

www.prisonpenpals.com

Now I am not suggesting you actually befriend a prisoner and send them heart-felt writing on flowered stationery, (I mean - if you want to, have a great time!) but this page is definitely interesting to peruse. Prisoners looking for friendship outside of the bars list a little description of themselves often with a picture, for you to choose from. Sort of like a penitentiary version of make out club. My favourite was a man in for double homicide who claimed he had a "killer smile". My old favourite time-waster was a page that listed the last meal requests of all prisoners executed in the state of Texas. I remember one guy wanted a "Heaping portion of let-



Wanna be my girlfriend?

tuce," most wanted a lot of ice cream and meat. For some reason they decided that info was to be kept private, and took the site down. But hey, that can be your opening question to your new pen pal!

Herald Announces:



amnesty international

Want to educate yourself in a fun and meaningful way?

Come to the Amnesty International UoT art exhibit!

The theme this year is Disposition and the

show will be held from Monday March 8 through Friday March 12 2004 at the International Student Centre. The opening night will be Wednesday March 10, 2004, starting at 7pm and the exhibit will be open from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. every day. Everyone is welcome!

Come see us dance!

Silhouettes Dance Company presents...

Lucidae

April 8th: 8pm
Hart House Theatre,
7 Hart House Circle
Advance tickets available at
Hart House Box Office
416.978.8668.
Monday-Friday 11am-5pm.
www.barhousetheatre.ca
www.silhouettesdancecompany.com





Your last chance this year to be famous, thereby making your mother proud...short of good grades and med-school.

The deadline for submitting to the *final* Herald of the year is

Monday, March 22nd 2004

send in your work to
heraldeditors@yahoo.com

*Can we talk about this?
Calling all staff, loudmouths, know-it-alls, & passers-by*

HERALD GENERAL MEETING!
Friday, March 26th 4:30pm

*The Alcove behind the Herald Office.
Be there or be square.*

Three Panels by Jared Michael Bryer

